

NO.  
54

# DEEP

## COMICS

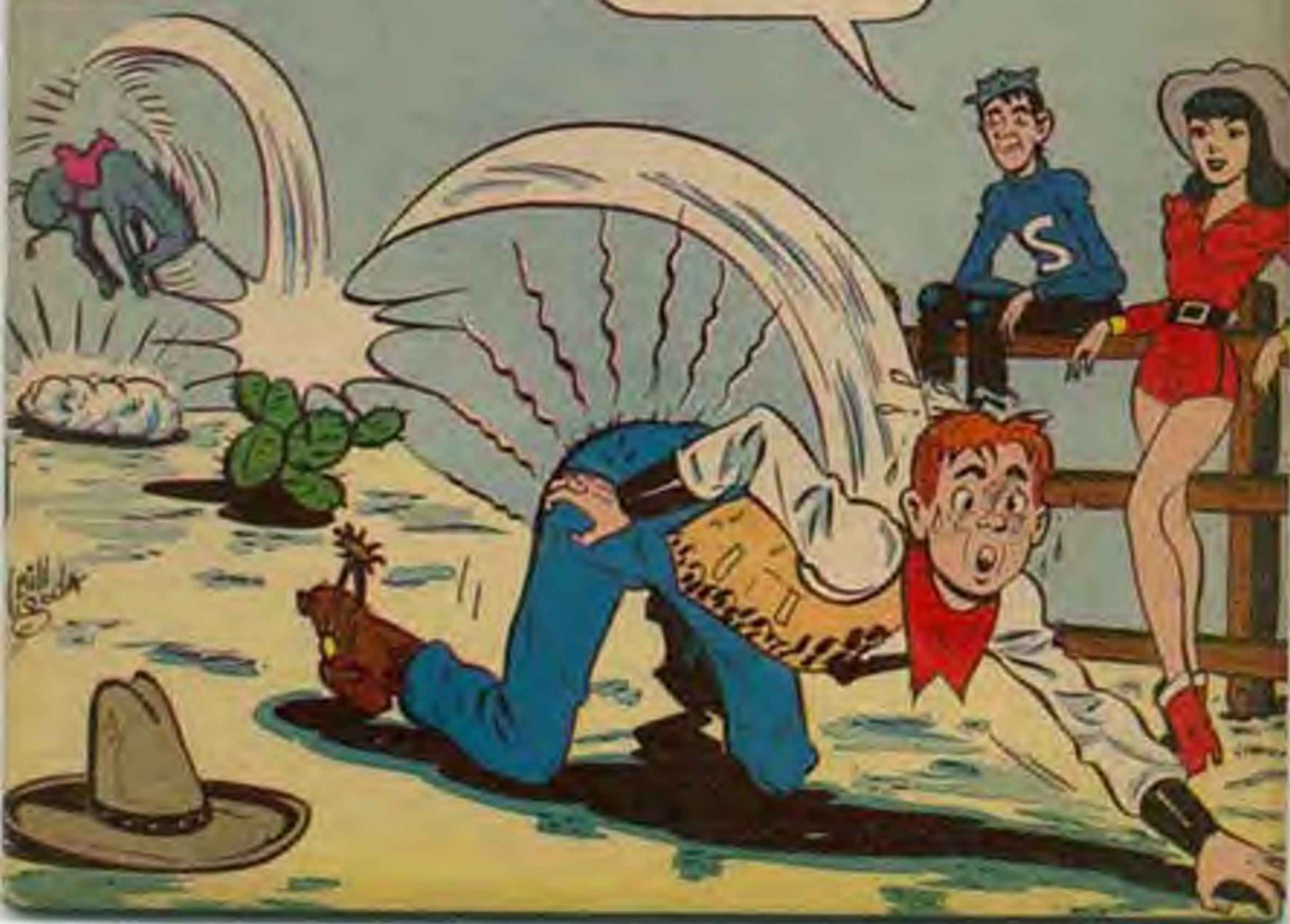
SEPT.  
10¢



*Starring* ARCHIE ANDREWS!

AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE

HEY, ARCH, DO THAT OVER  
AGAIN—VERONICA  
DIDN'T SEE IT!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# EXTRA!

BULLETIN No. 32

## Listen to ARCHIE ANDREWS Talk!!

WHERE: ON THE RADIO.

TIME: STARTS SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2—10 A.M. E.W.T.

NETWORK: NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO. ON A COAST TO COAST  
HOOK-UP.

How's that for news, gang? Archie, our pal, the guy whose middle name is trouble, and Jughead are going to do their stuff again on the radio. Dusty and I know that every member of the Shield G man club will tune in all right. But what we're going to ask you to do is pass the word along to your friends to tune in their radios. Let them in on the fun. And fun it will be. Funny as only Archie can be.

Remember . . . SATURDAY, JUNE 2. Let's tune in on Archie, Jughead, Ma, Pa, and the Girls.

*Sincerely  
Joe Higgins*

### USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR  
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH  
10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins  
Room 603  
241 Church St.  
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the  
**SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing  
this coupon together with Ten Cents to  
cover the costs of handling and mailing  
my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AGE .....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE



# Archie

in **THIS  
TEEN AGED  
STEAM AGE!**

LOOKOUT,  
ZOOKER---

**RUN!**



NO GANG-YOU'RE NOT  
SEEIN' THINGS- ARCHIE  
ACTUALLY INVENTED THAT  
ROLLIN' TEAPOT. PULL UP  
A CHAIR AND LET ME  
TELL YOU ABOUT  
IT!





IT ALL  
STARTED ONE  
DAY WHEN ARCHIE  
AND I WERE ON  
OUR WAY HOME  
FROM RIVERDALE  
HIGH



**NOTICE**  
THE MAYOR OF RIVERDALE  
ANNOUNCES THE FIRST  
"SCHOOL BOYS  
MODERN  
INVENTION  
SHOW"  
A PRIZE OF \$25 WILL BE  
GIVEN TO THE BOY  
ENTERING THE WINNING  
INVENTION

BOYO  
BOY O BOY  
25 BUCKS!

HUMPH--THAT  
GUY WOULD PROBABLY  
HAVE SLIPPED EDISON  
A DIME FOR THE  
STEAMBOAT!



**DOPE!**  
ANYONE KNOWS  
**HENRY HUDSON**  
INVENTED THE  
STEAMBOAT

LET'S SEE....  
WHAT COULD I  
INVENT THAT  
"JOHN AMEEGY"  
AND "SPENCE  
ARDRAGY" HAVEN'T  
YET?

IF YOU'D  
DREAM UP SOMETHING  
TO RUN YOUR CAR  
ON BESIDES GAS  
WE WOULDN'T BE  
HOOF'N IT EVERY  
DAY!



THAT'S IT....  
**THAT'S IT,  
JUGHEAD!**  
NO GAS! HENRY  
HUDSON! STEAM!

WELL LET'S  
NOT GET SO  
STEAMED UP!

**SO** -- WITH  
A FULL HEAD  
OF STEAM UP  
ARCHIE  
EMBARKS ON  
HIS GREAT  
DONATION TO  
SCIENCE...  
WITH A  
HEAD FULL  
OF STEAM

AND  
I'LL CALL IT  
**ARCHIE ANDREWS'  
STEAM CAR!**

**BANG!**

BANG





# Tempus Fugit

WHICH IN COMICS MEANS YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HAPPENED FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS!

**JUGHEAD,**

RUN DOWN TO THE RAILROAD YARD AND BRING BACK A SACK FULL OF SOFT COAL!

**RUN?**

**SEE!** I'LL HEAT THE WATER IN THIS OLD GAS TANK BY MAKING A COAL FIRE IN THE OLD KITCHEN RANGE MOUNTED ON THE BACK.... MAKING STEAM... THEN...

ER... I'LL GET THE COAL, ARCHIE!

**WHY** DO I ALWAYS PLAY PORTER TO ARCHIE? ANYONE WOULD THINK HE HAD ALL THE BRAINS ..... WHEN HE ONLY HAS HALF

MEANWHILE...

**A BINDLESTIFF!**







**WATAMINIT!** WHAT'S A YOUNG SQUIT LIKE YOUSE DOIN' IN DA FREIGHT YARDS? ARE YOUSE RIDIN' DA RODS? LEAVE ME SEE YOUR UNION CARD!



**GULP.... NO..** I..I WAS JUST GETTING SOME COAL FOR ARCHIE'S AUTOMOBILE!



**COAL?** FOR AN AUTOMOBILE? YOUSE HAVE GOT A CLINKER IN YER NOGGIN!

**NO, NO!** HONEST-ARCHIE SAYS HE CAN FIX HIS CAR TO RUN ON COAL INSTEAD OF GAS!



**SAY!** DESE KIDS MAY HAVE A GOLD MINE AND OLD "ZOOK" IS IN ...LIKE A BOIGULAR!



LEAVE ME HELP YOUSE, PAL!



AND DATS WHY I THINK WE SHOULD MOIGE, JUGHEAD

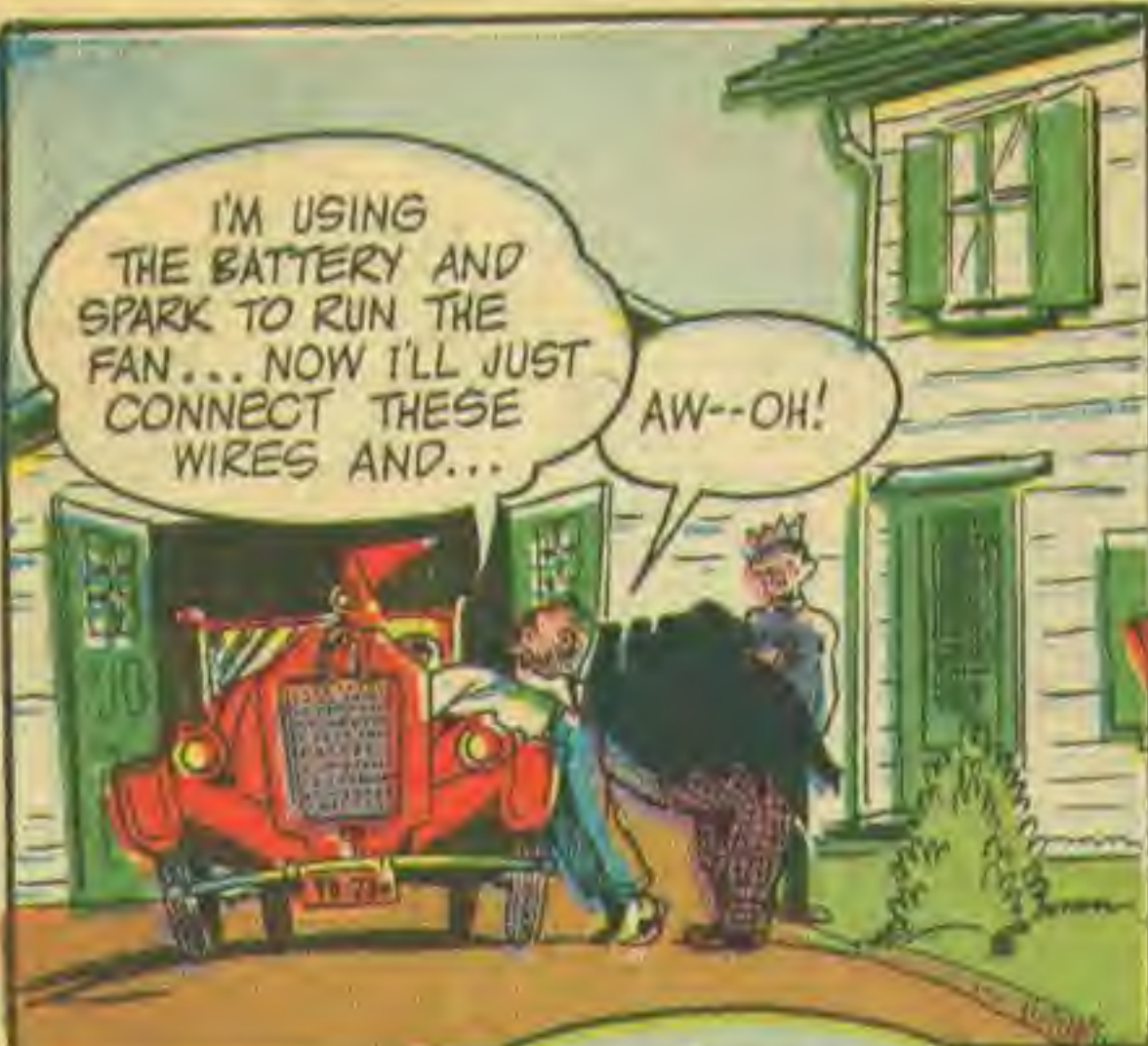
**GOSH!** YOU WERE CHIEF STOKER ON YOUR OWN SHIP? ...WAS IT A TRAMP STEAMER?

ARCHIE, I BROUGHT A..

**NEVER MIND NOW!** HAND ME A WRENCH, QUICK!









SO OLD ZOOK FIXED ARCHIE'S JALOPY-- AND FINALLY THE BIG DAY OF THE INVENTION SHOW ARRIVES!

SHE'S POICOLATING POIFECTLY, MEN! WE'LL BE DERE IN NO TIME!

HEY, ZOOK-- I THINK WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WATER!



HUH? YOU RAN OUT OF GAS? OKAY, CHIEF, I'LL PUT SOME GAS IN A CAN AND BRING IT DOWN TO YOU!



SAY, COULD WE GET SOME WATER?

WHAT FLAVOR?

WISE GUY!

HEY, BEACH-HEAD! FILL THAT CAN OUT THERE WITH GAS-- AND NO CHARGE!

ROGER!

BOY-- I'LL SAY THIS IS A CAN! WHAT A FUNNY PLACE FOR THE GAS TANK!

ALL FULL, SIR-- AND NO CHARGE!

NO CH--? WELL, I SHOULD **HOPE NOT!**

NOW, WHEN DE FIRE HEATS DAT WATER, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH STEAM TO RUN DE "B&O"!

'COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO BUY THAT WITH THE \$25 PRIZE MONEY!



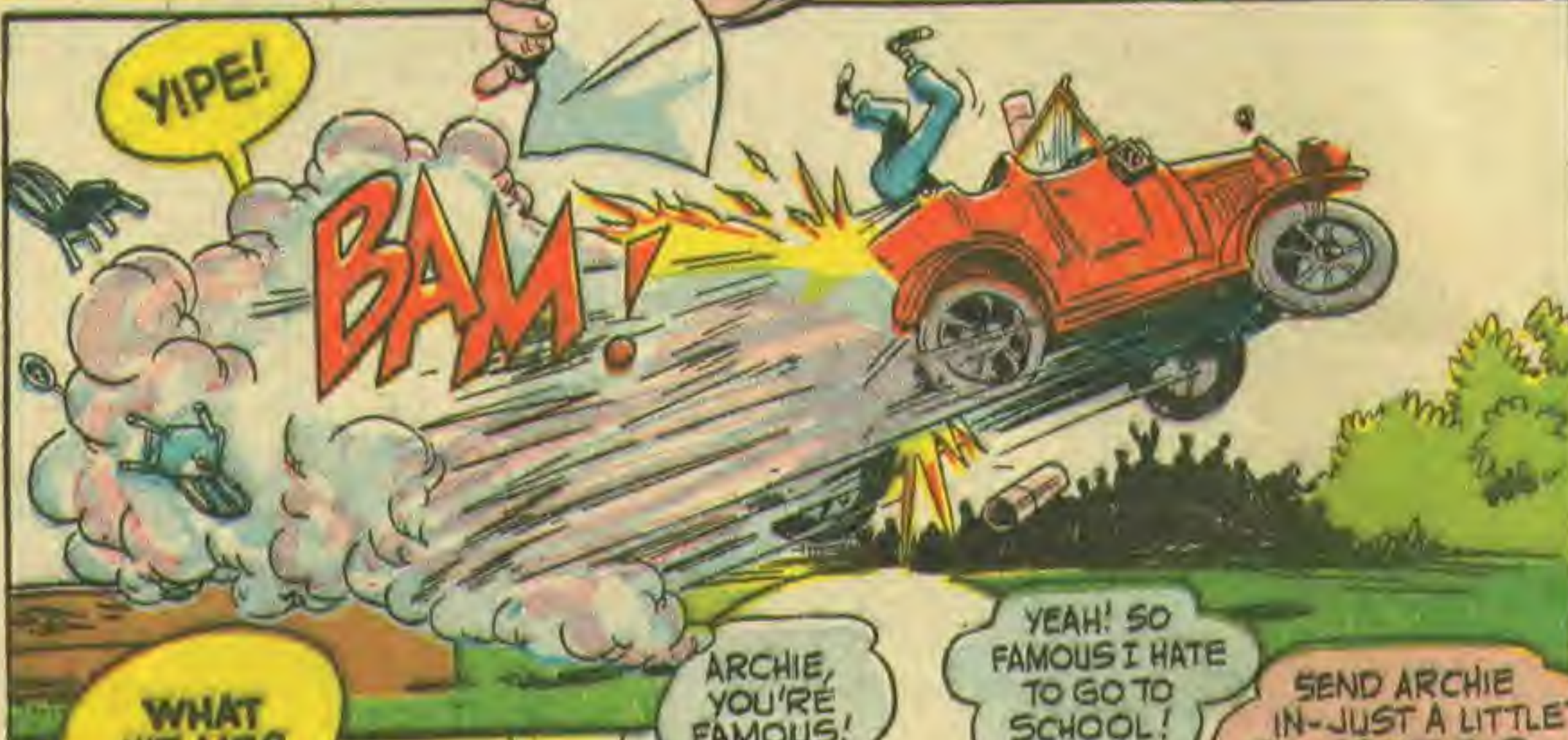


...SO IN CONCLUSION, I TURN THE CONTEST OVER TO OUR CHIEF JUDGE-THE PRINCIPAL OF R.H.S.!--MR. WEATHERBEE!

HARUMPH! BOYS AND GIRLS--THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION WILL BE BY-BY--HM-M-M! ARCHIE ANDREWS!

AND THAT IS THE PRINCIPLE OF MY CAR!

AMAZING! ARE YOU SURE YOU THOUGHT OF THIS, ARCHIE!



ARCHIE, YOU'RE FAMOUS!

YEAH! SO FAMOUS I HATE TO GO TO SCHOOL!

SEND ARCHIE IN--JUST A LITTLE TALK ABOUT SUBJECTS FOR NEXT TERM--HEH, HEH!

WHAT HIT ME?

I'M BLOWIN' TOWN--FORE THEY PIN DAT RAP ON ME!

BOY INVENTS ROCKET CAR





HEY, KIDS, HERE'S TERRIFIC

**NEWS!**

# Archie

AND HIS GANG are  
on the **AIR**



You SEE them in your favorite comics  
Now **HEAR** them on your

**FAVORITE NBC STATION**  
**EVERY SATURDAY**  
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY  
Beginning June 2nd.

**10:00-10:30 AM.**  
E.W.T.  
What a treat! Now you can hear the whole gang  
IN PERSON — Archie, Jughead, Betty, Veronica  
and the Andrews Family. Look up your local  
N.B.C. radio station and keep your date with  
Archie Andrews and his gang every Sat-  
urday morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a.m.  
(E.W.T.). Have the time of your life  
listening to their adventures. **SOME**  
**ADVENTURES! SOME FUN!** And  
say, will you do Archie a  
real favor? Write and tell  
him how you like him and  
his gang on the air—  
will you? Thank!





# PEP PUZZLE FUN

## A RIDDLE



**MISS HIPPO** WANTS YOU TO CHANGE ONE LETTER IN EACH GIVEN WORD TO SPELL THE NAMES OF SIX FOODS.



**TO WIN** YOU ARE REQUIRED TO FIND AT LEAST 15 OBJECTS THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER **R**.

**BEGIN** FROM CERTAIN LETTERS AND MOVE ALONG THE LINES TO THE NEXT LETTER AND SO ON, TO SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF AT LEAST TWELVE TREES.



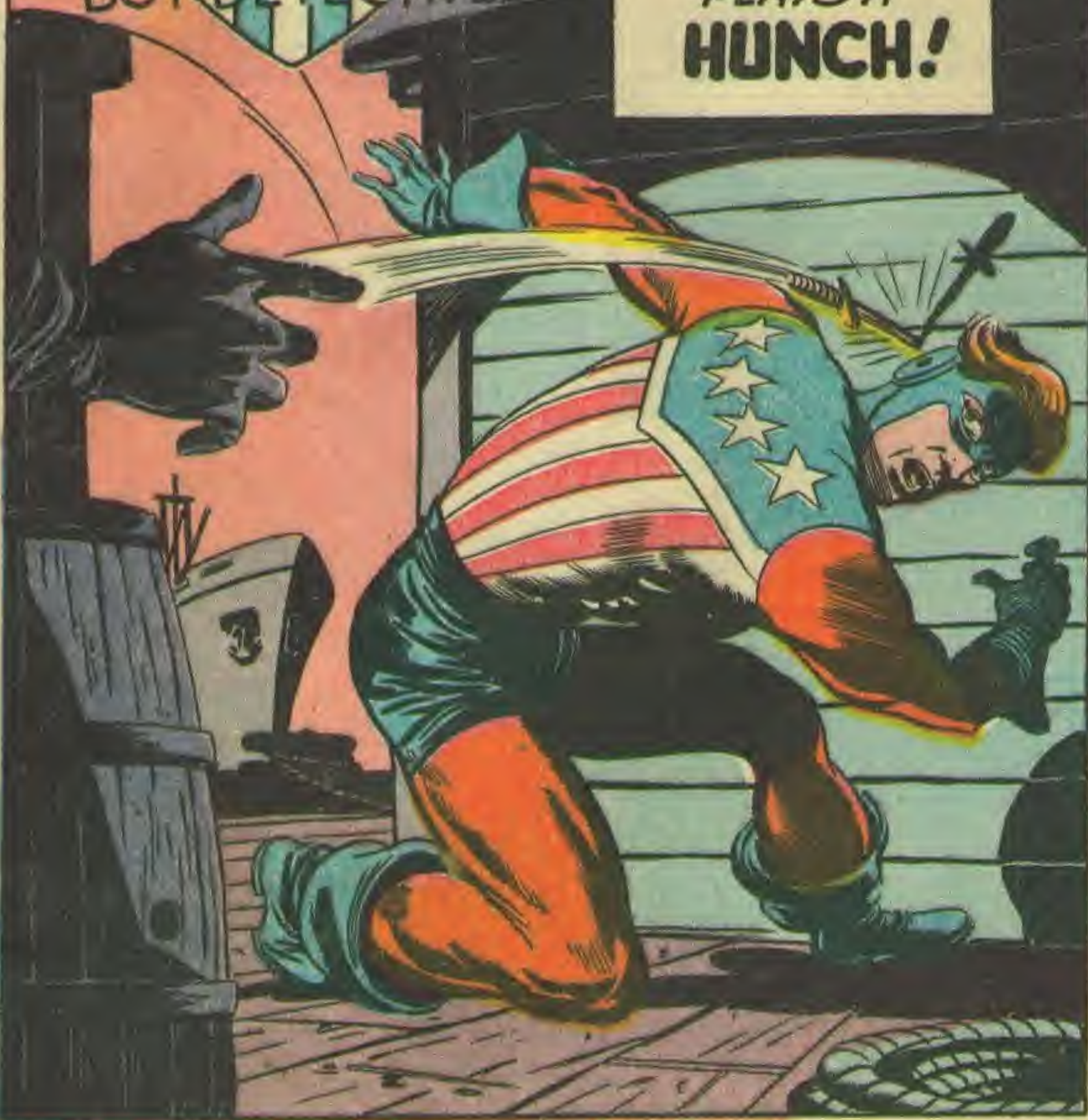
- Solutions:**
- R**-OBJECTS: RABBIT, RACKET, RAKE, RAM, RAT, RAZOR, REVOLVER, RIBS, RIBBON, RING, ROOST, ROOSTER, ROPE, ROSE AND RUG.
  - RIDDLE:** PHLOX (FLOCKS).
  - FOODS:** 1. HAM, 2. CAKE, 3. SOUP, 4. FISH, 5. JAM, 6. BUN.
  - 12 TREES:** APPLE, PALM, MAPLE, PEACH, BIRCH, ASH, LEMON, OAK AND PEAR.



THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIELD**  
AND  
**DUSTY**

the  
BOY DETECTIVE

**MURDER**  
*PLAYS A*  
**HUNCH!**





BOY, IS IT STUFFY IN HERE?  
LE'S GO OUT 'N' GET SOME  
FRESH AIR!

OPEN A WINDOW,  
DUSTY! YOU'LL  
GET ALL YOU  
WANT!

DON'T BE FUNNY, JOE!  
I MEAN-LET'S GO  
OUT FOR A  
WALK!

HOT T'NIGHT, DUSTY! I  
JUST WANT TO SIT  
HERE AND  
RELAX!

AND YOU MIGHT WELL DO THE SAME, 'STEAD  
OF PACING AROUND LIKE A CAGED  
ANIMAL! WHAT'S EATING YOU,  
ANYWAY?

I DON'T KNOW-I GOT A STRANGE PREMONITION  
THAT SOMETHING BIG IS GOING  
TO TAKE PLACE!

-AND I WANT TO BE AROUND  
WHEN IT HAPPENS! I'M  
GOING OUT!

NOW WHAT'S COME OVER HIM?  
OH, WELL-I GUESS KIDS GET  
THAT WAY  
SOMETIMES!



SOMETIME LATER--



HELLO! WHO? DUSTY-YES! SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANYWAY?



MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, JOE--IT HAPPENED!  
THE HOUR IS ABOUT TO STRIKE!



WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HOUR? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?--DUSTY--HELLO--HELLO DUSTY---?



THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! DUSTY-HELLO!  
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE KID-HELLO,  
OPERATOR? TRACE THAT CALL-AND  
HURRY!!



WHERE? THE BLACK STAR BAR?  
THANKS, OPERATOR!!





WHAT KIND OF A SCREWY MESS  
HAS THAT KID GOT HIMSELF  
INTO NOW?



I'LL FIND OUT SOON  
ENOUGH, THOUGH!



THERE'S THE BLACK  
STAR-A SALOON!



OKAY, FATTY! WHERE'S  
THE KID?

KID? WHAT KID?  
THERE AIN'T NO  
KID HERE!



LISTEN, FAT, FLABBY AND  
FOOLISH! OPEN UP OR I'LL  
GO TO WORK ON YOU -  
I MEAN BUSINESS!

I DUNNO WHAT  
YER TALKIN'  
ABOUT!





DIS'LL TEACH YA TO COME INTO A RESPECTABLE DUMP 'N' DISTOIB D' PEACE!



YEEOW!



WELL, IF IT'S POOL YOU WANT TO PLAY-HOW ABOUT THIS SHOT?



EIGHT BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET!



WELL, FATTY IS BACK AGAIN-AND WITH A BOTTLE IN HIS PAW!



IF I WANTED TO BE CORNY-I COULD SING-'ROLL OUT THE BARREL'!





I'M JUST WASTING MY TIME WITH THESE CHARACTERS-SAY, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? MAYBE DUSTY LEFT A MESSAGE IN THAT PHONE BOOTH!



NOW WHAT?

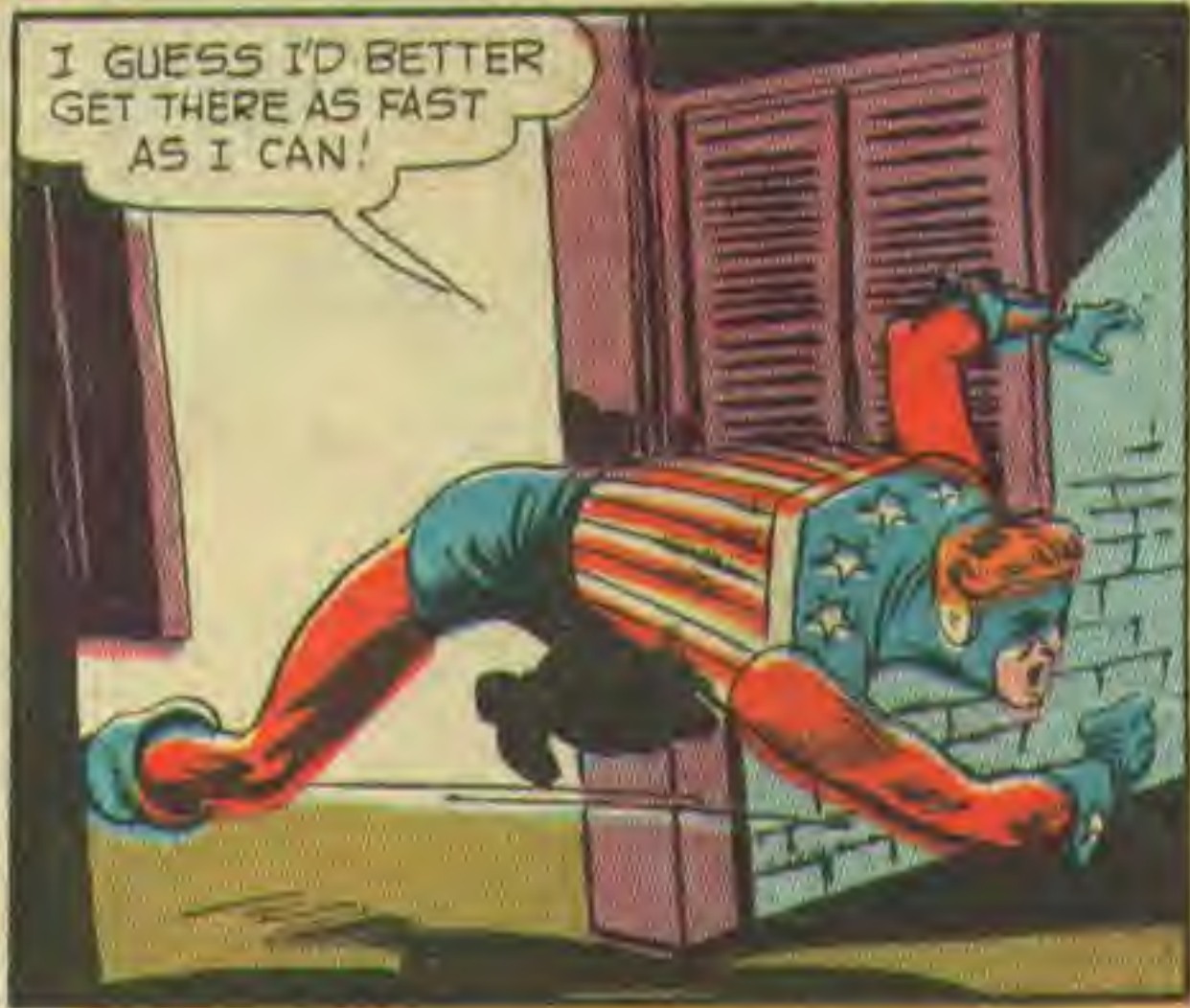
THE HOUR OF DECISION IS DRAWING CLOSER-DURYEY'S WAREHOUSE-AT THE WATERFRONT-



THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS BECOMING WEIRDER EVERY MINUTE! DURYEY'S WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE--HUNMM?



I GUESS I'D BETTER GET THERE AS FAST AS I CAN!



THERE'S DURYEY'S WAREHOUSE UP AHEAD!



THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE DESERTED!







OH, OH-I SPOKE  
TOO SOON!



-THE SAME MESSAGE THAT WAS  
SCRATCHED ON THE WALL OF  
THE TELEPHONE BOOTH!



THE GUY WHO THREW THAT KNIFE MUST  
BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE-AND I'M  
GOING TO FIND HIM!



THERE  
HE IS!



THE FOG IS SO  
THICK, I CAN  
HARDLY SEE  
HIM!



THERE HE GOES DOWN THAT ALLEY!  
HE'S A SPEEDY  
BIRD!





LOOK AT HIM GO UP  
THAT BUILDING LIKE  
A MONKEY!



WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR.  
I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED  
ON THIS ROOF!



WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW? HE'LL  
KILL HIMSELF IF HE ATTEMPTS TO  
JUMP ACROSS THAT OTHER  
ROOF!!



GREAT SCOT! HE MADE  
IT-WHOEVER HE IS! HE'S  
GOING TO BE A TOUGH  
CUSTOMER TO CATCH  
UP WITH!



OKAY-TWO CAN PLAY  
THE SAME GAME!



I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW  
HIM GO BEHIND THIS WALL-I  
WONDER WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO HIM?



--SUDDENLY!--

HEY!

OOF!

UGH!

WOW! WHAT A WALLOP  
THAT GUY  
PACKS!

BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH  
HIM--AND WHEN  
I DO??

THERE HE GOES ALONG  
THE LEDGE, INTO THAT  
APARTMENT  
WINDOW!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M  
LETTING MYSELF IN FOR-  
BUT HERE GOES!



BOY, IT'S PITCH  
BLACK IN HERE-IF  
I COULD SEE JUST  
A LITTLE  
BIT--?

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASH ON-----

DUSTY-YOU? THIS IS OUR  
APARTMENT!



SAY-WHAT'S  
THE BIG  
IDEA?

HEY! YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST GUY  
TO TRY AND THROW A  
**SURPRISE**  
PARTY  
FOR--



THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY, REMEMBER? I  
HAD TO COOK UP SOME KINDA SCHEME TO  
GET YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE!



WHY, YOU LI'L  
RASCAL, YOU!

WELL, THE HOUR  
HAS STRUCK-THE  
GANG GOT THINGS  
READY WHILE YOU  
WERE CHASING  
ME!



FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!!



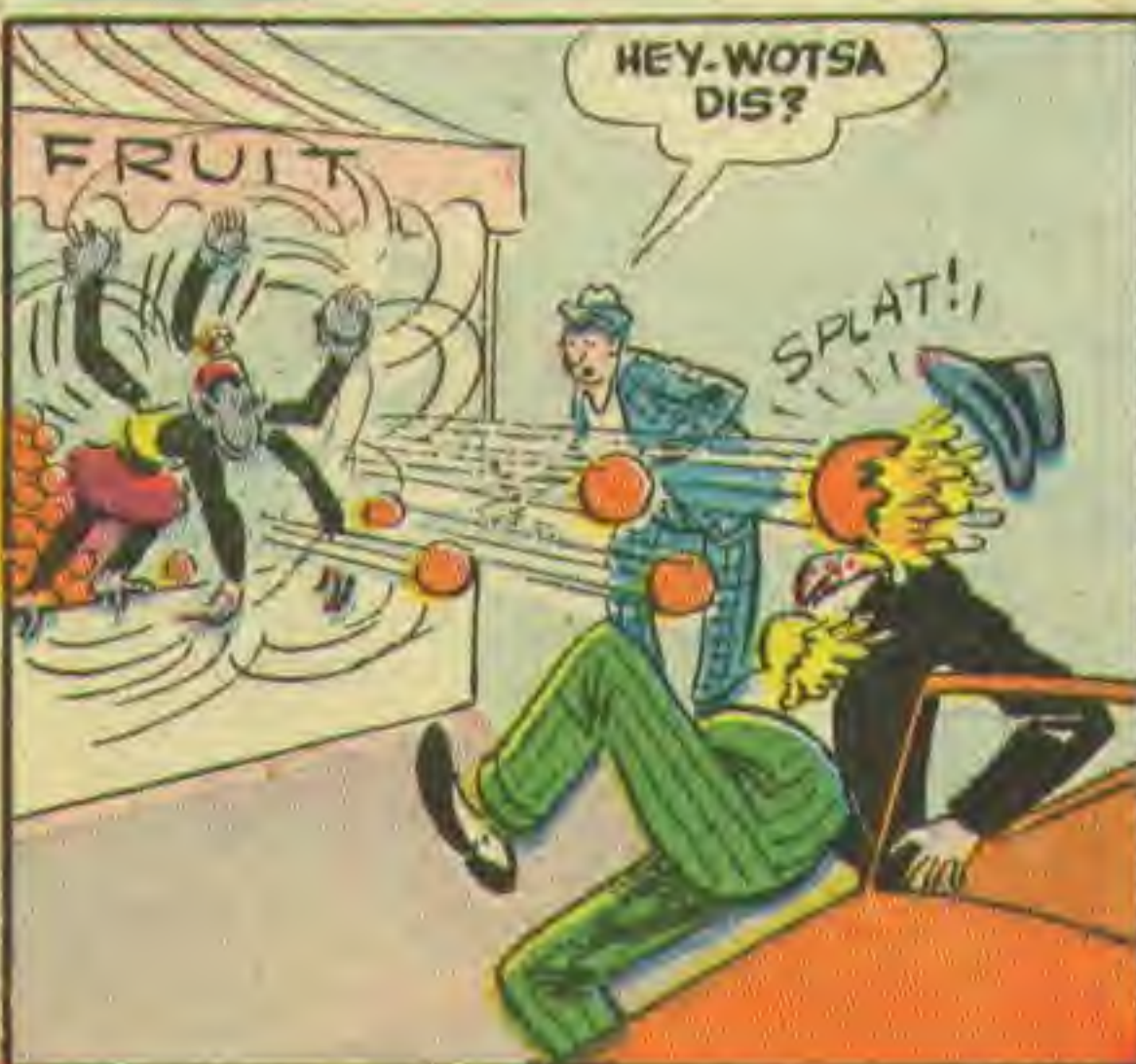
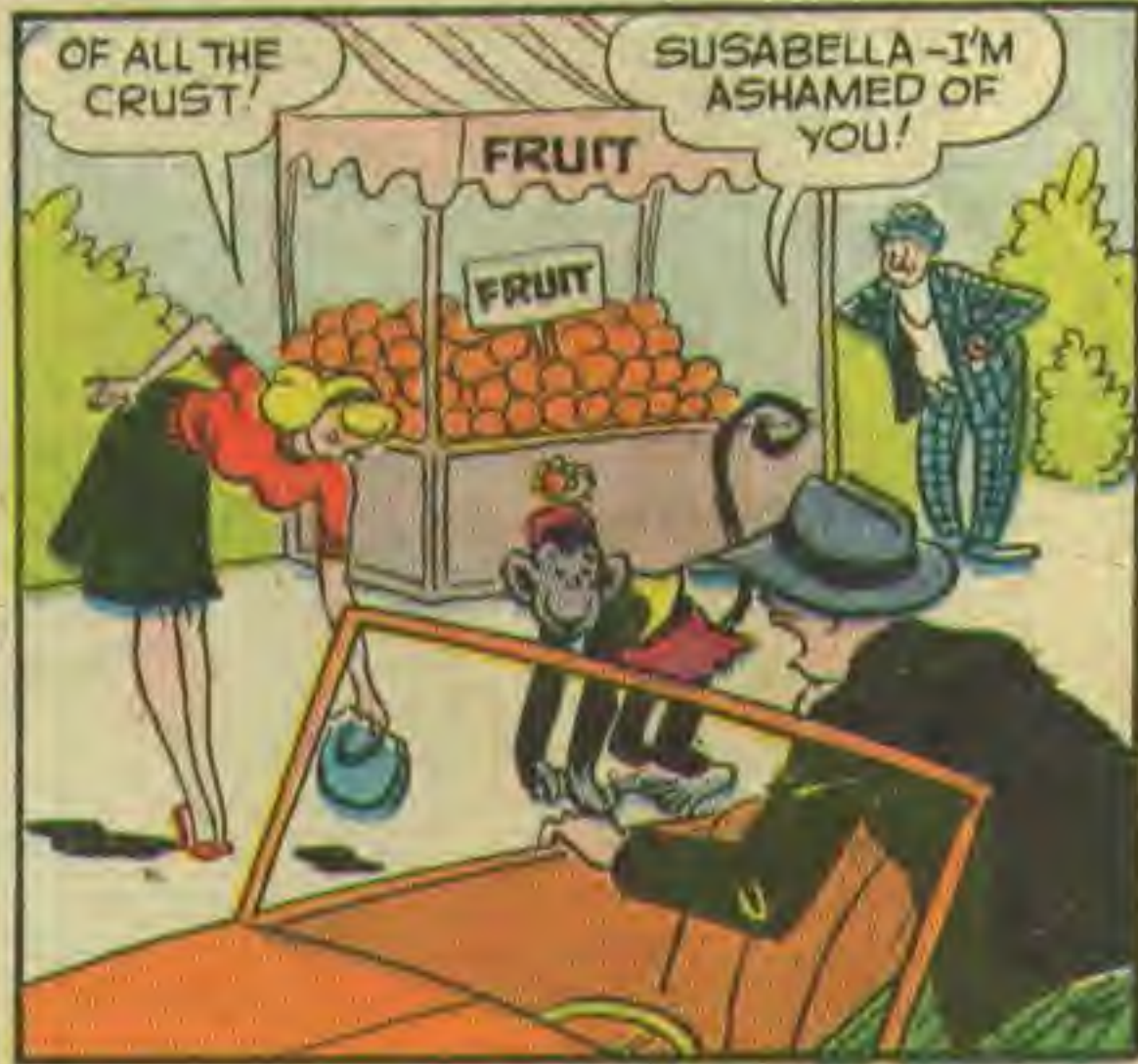
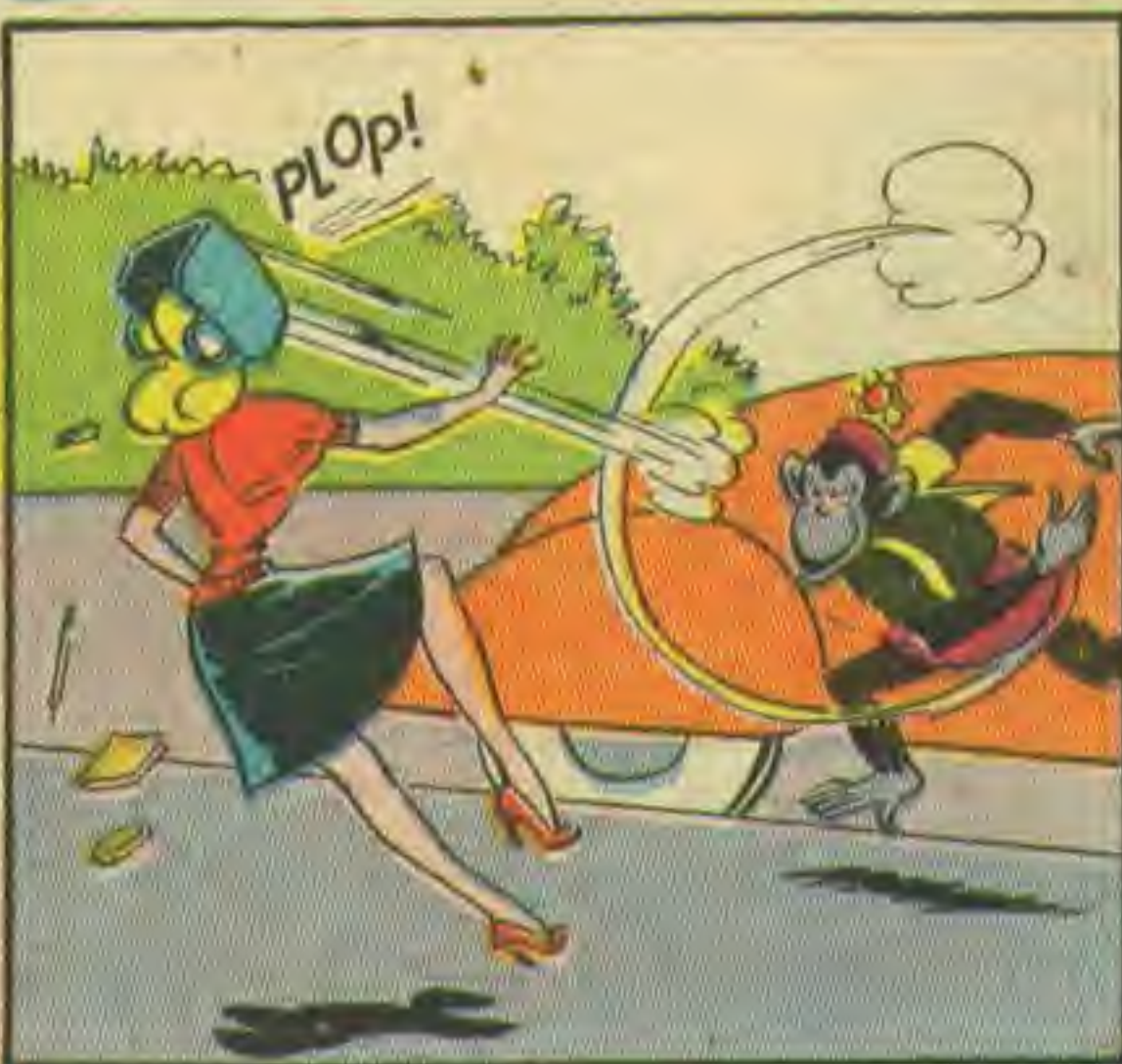




and  
**MONKEY  
MADNESS**



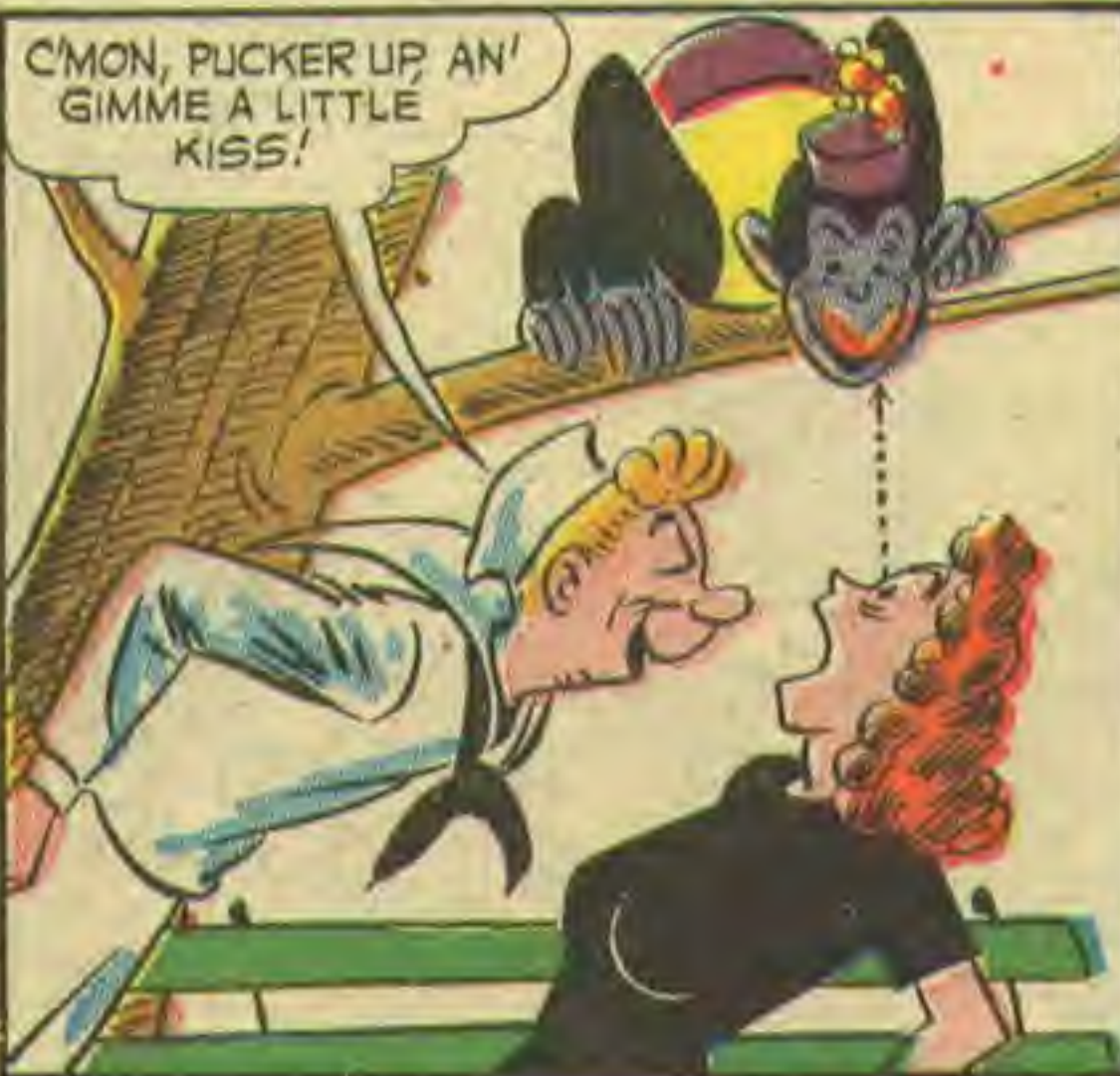




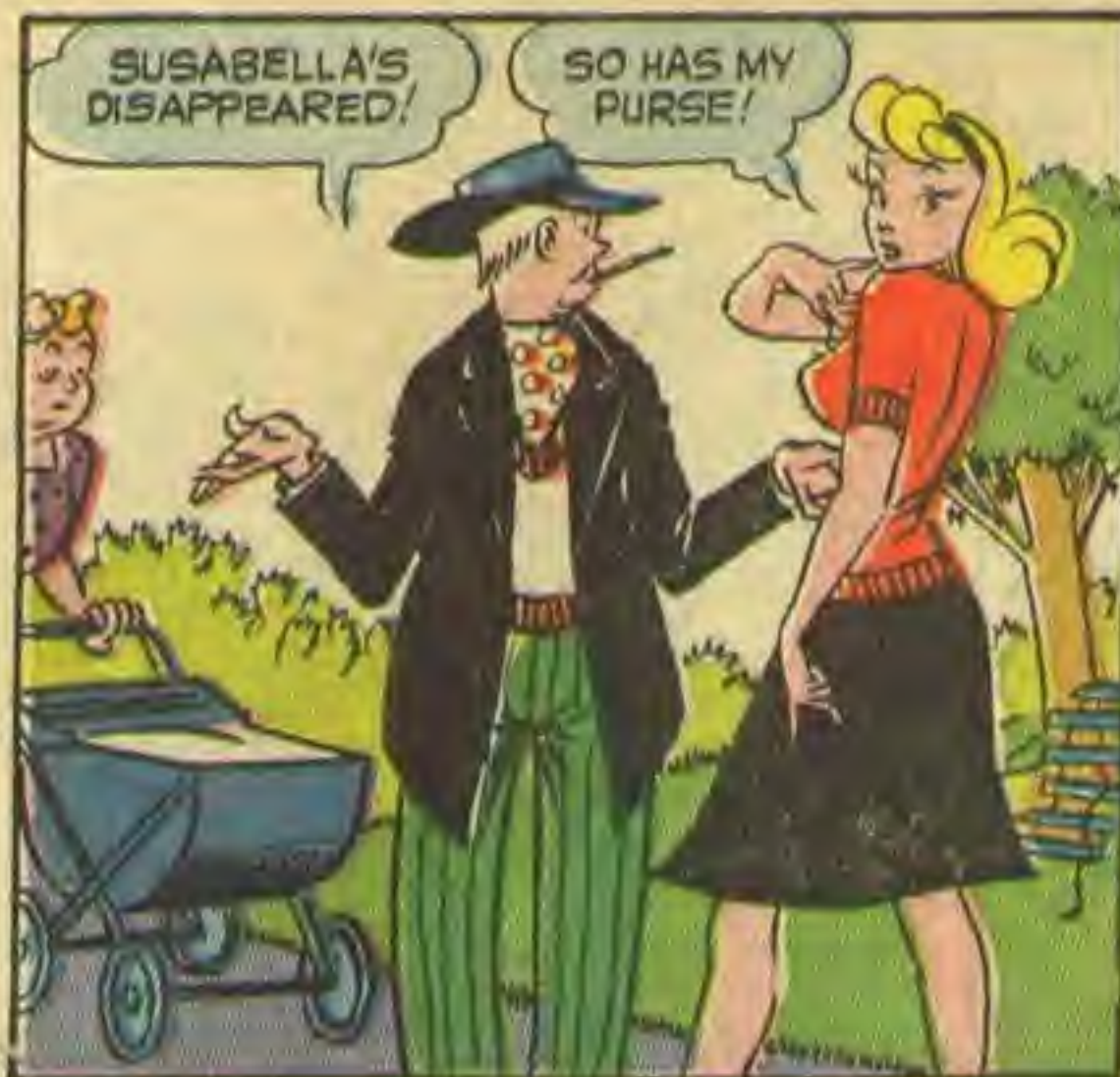














WHAT HAPPENED TO  
MUMSY'S LITTLE  
DARLING?

E-E-E-E-EK!!

PLOP!

?

GOO!

I GIVE UP!

LET'S GO BACK  
TO THE CAR  
AND WAIT!

WELL-  
LOOK WHO'S  
HERE!

SUSABELLA--

I'LL TAKE MY  
PURSE, THANK  
YOU!

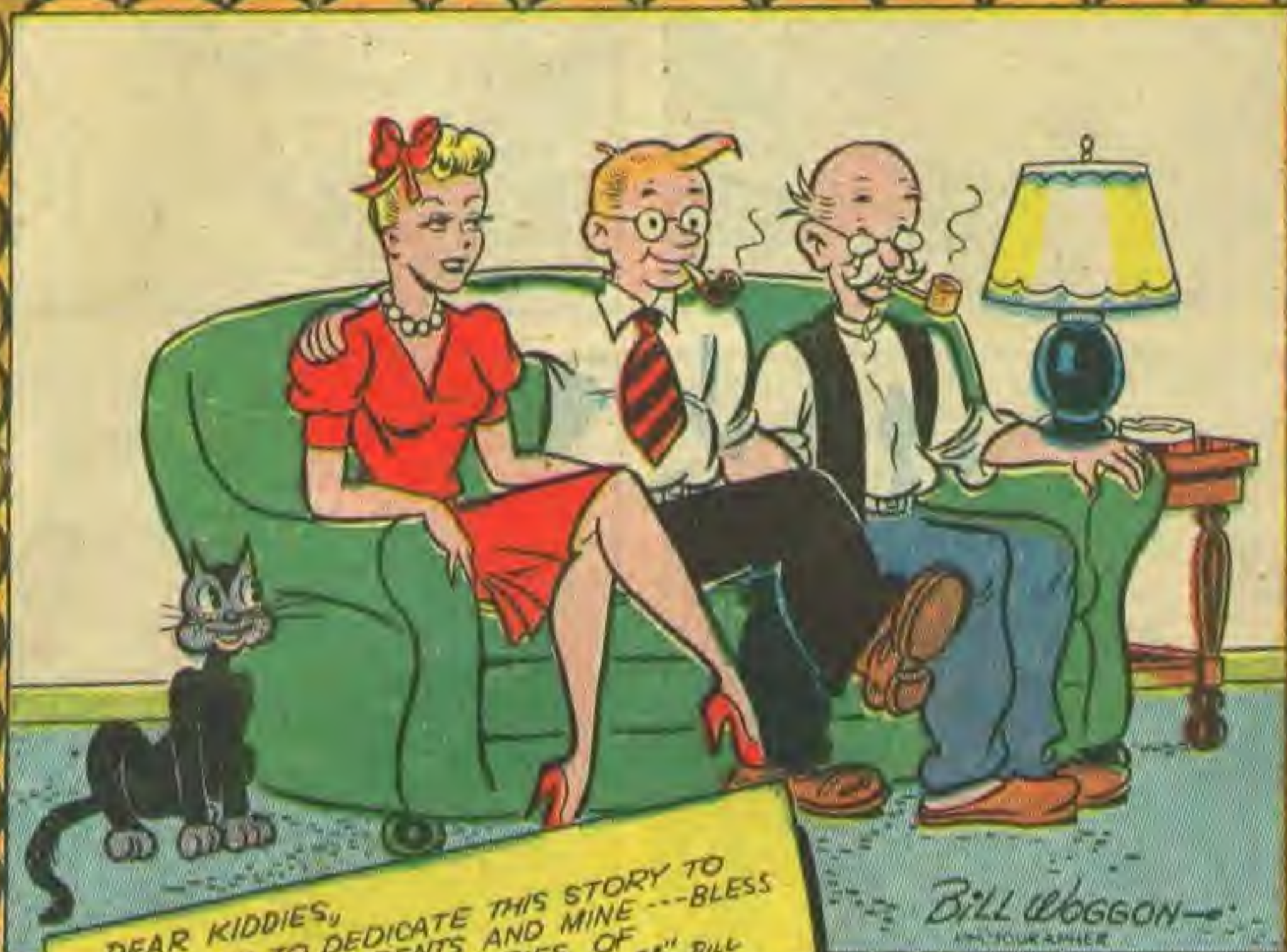
CHK-  
CHK!

GULP... SHE'S DONE  
IT AGAIN!

THIS IS WHERE  
YOU CAME  
IN, FOLKS!



# The TWIDDLES



DEAR KIDDIES,  
I'D LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS STORY TO  
YOUR GRAND-PARENTS AND MINE ---BLESS  
THEM AND THEIR MEMORIES OF  
"THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!!" ---BILL

Bill Woggon  
Illustration

OH, OH! LOOK, TOOTSIE,  
GRAMPS HAS HIS OLD  
STEREOSCOPE AND  
FAMILY ALBUM OUT  
AGAIN!

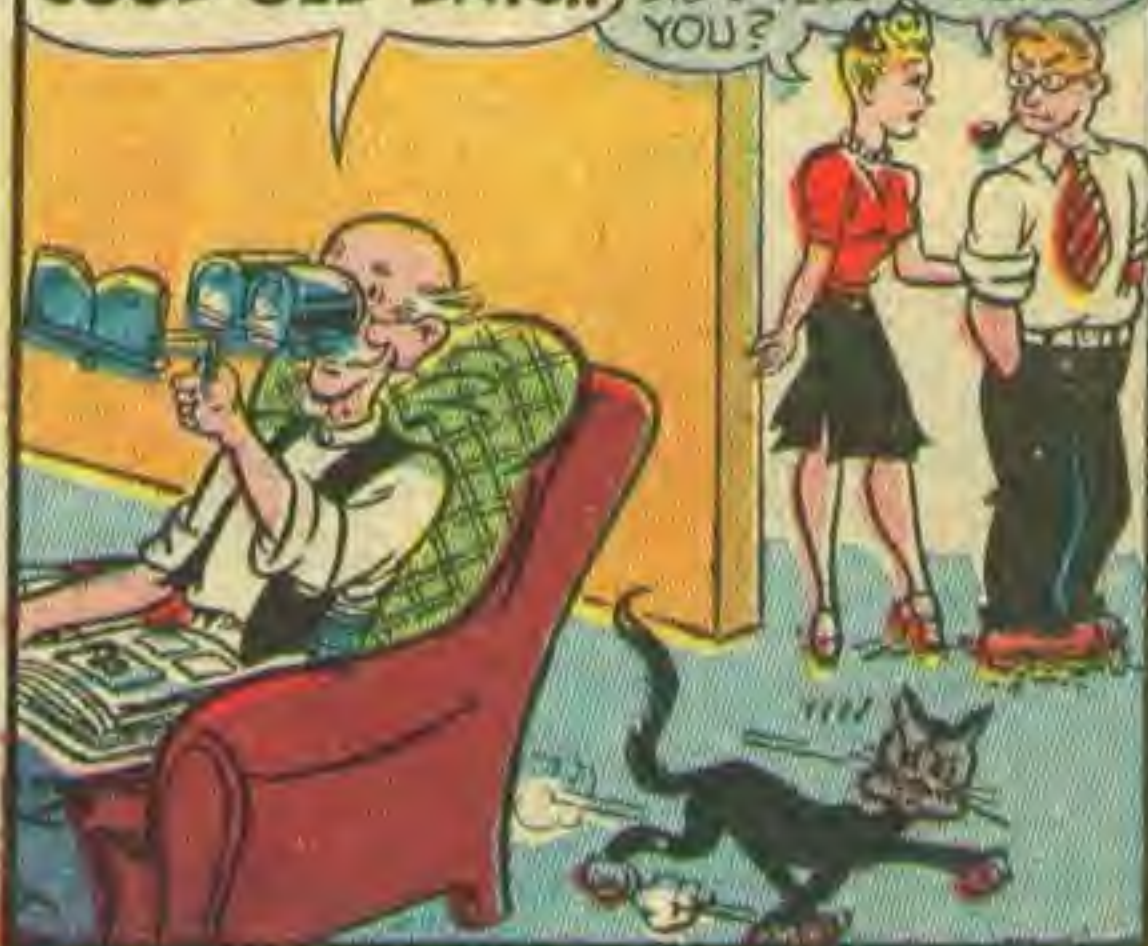
YES TALBERT--I'LL  
GIVE HIM FIVE  
SECONDS AND HE'LL  
START TELLING US  
ABOUT "THOSE GOOD  
OLD DAYS!"



AH-H-H! "THOSE  
GOOD OLD DAYS!!"

SEE! WHAT  
DID I TELL  
YOU?

HE'S OFF  
AGAIN!





HEY, KIDS--I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST DAY I LOOKED AT THE PICTURES OF GRAND CANYON THROUGH THIS OL' STEREOSCOPE---

YES, GRAMPS-- YOU WERE A GOOD BOY THAT DAY SO YOUR MA LET YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES!



"YEP, KIDS, THAT'S RIGHT!----OH BOY! **GRAND CANYON**--WHAT A BREATHTAKING DIZZY THRILL I RECEIVED! JUST LIKE THE REAL THING RIGHT SMACK IN OUR PARLOR!"



"AH-H-H!" "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS"--WHEN WE TOOK A BATH IN THE KITCHEN IN THE OLD WOODEN TUB EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT! --THEN PUT ON THAT CLEAN SUIT OF STIFF, HEAVY, SCRATCHY UNDERWEAR!"



"AND THEN A PAIR OF PA'S PANTS CUT DOWN TO FIT--AH-H, THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!"



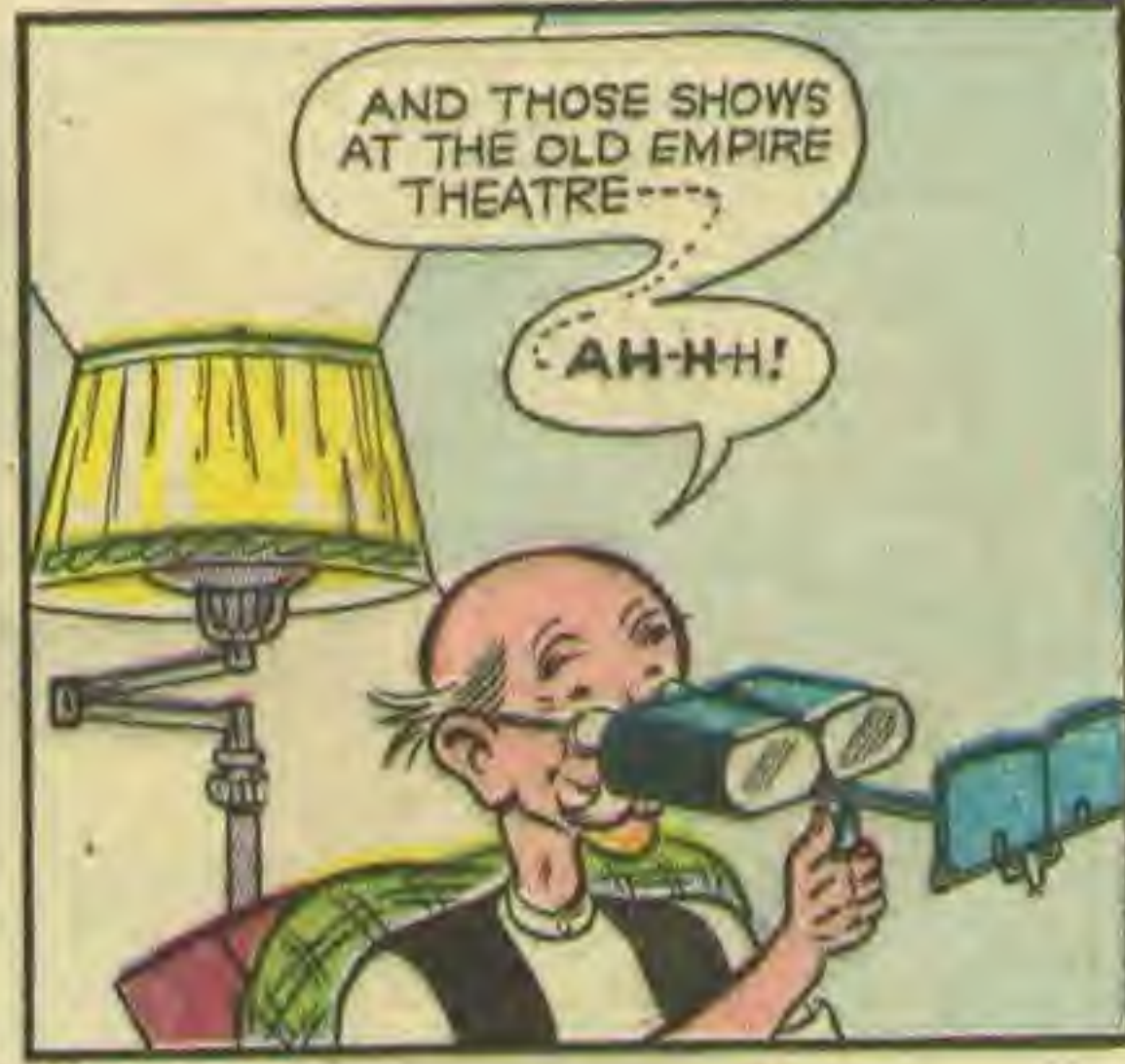
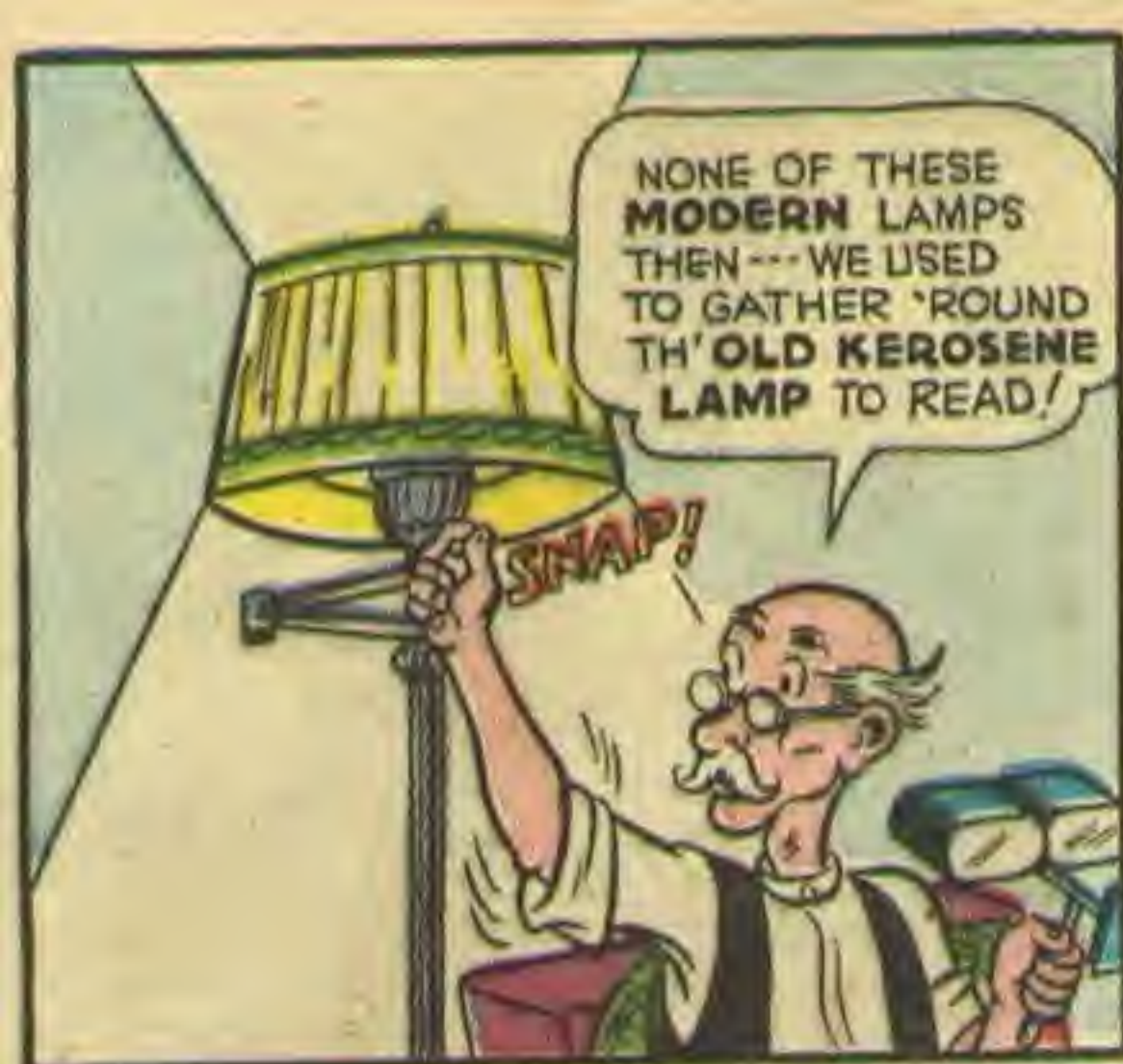
"AND HOW I USED TO HAUL IN WOOD FOR THE KITCHEN STOVE AND A BUCKET OF COAL FOR THE BASE BURNER IN THE SETTIN' ROOM! AH-H-H-H!"



YES, GRAMPS -- "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!" TURN THAT LAMP ON SO I CAN READ!









YES, TOOTSIE, THOSE  
WERE THE GOOD OLD  
DAYS!



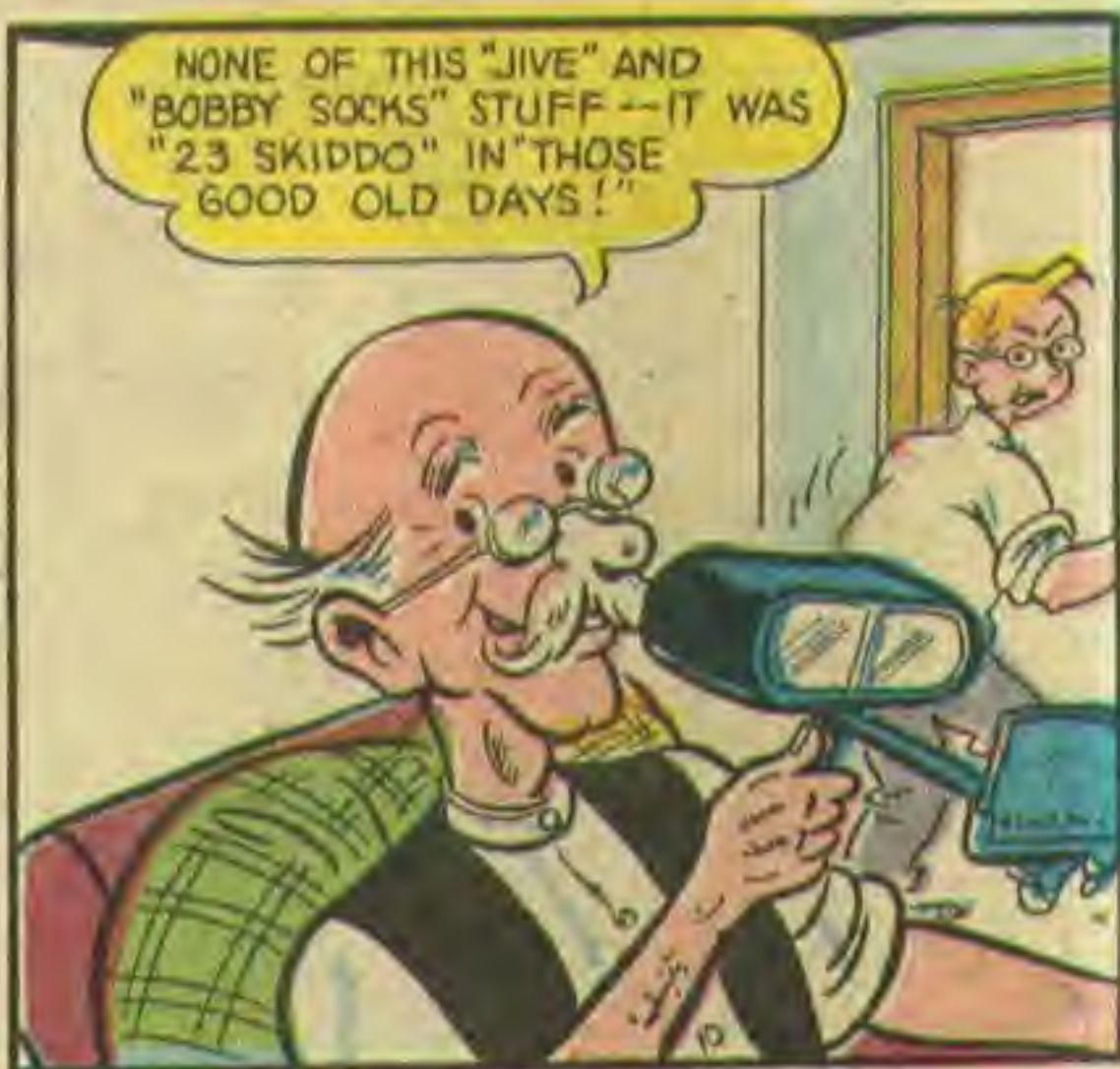
I GUESS THE REASON I NEVER MARRIED  
AGAIN--- AFTER MOTHER PASSED  
AWAY WAS BECAUSE I NEVER WANTED TO  
"SIT" FOR ANOTHER WEDDING PICTURE



"MANY'S THE TIME I'D CURRY MY DAD'S  
HORSE, WASH THE BUGGY, SHINE UP THE  
HARNESS AND THEN GO COURTIN'!"



NONE OF THIS "JIVE" AND  
"BOBBY SOCKS" STUFF -- IT WAS  
"23 SKIDDO" IN "THOSE  
GOOD OLD DAYS!"



PSST! HEY, TOOTSIE,  
COME HERE!



I'M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING  
ABOUT "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS"  
-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA TO CURE GRAMPS  
-- YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND OPEN ALL  
HIS BED ROOM WINDOWS-- I'LL GO  
DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND TURN  
OFF THE LIGHTS AND WATER---









# CAR TROUBLE

AN ARCHIE STORY  
By RAY COHAN

ARCHIE ANDREWS cocked one ear at the slam of the downstairs door that announced the arrival of his father and glanced at the clock on his dresser. Seven-thirty. He sighed and for the hundredth time, nervously ran the brush over his heavily pomaded hair, then snapped off the light in his room and tip-toed softly out to the head of the stairs.

The grumble of his father's voice smote his ears. It was a bearish grumble, rumbling and for the most part, unintelligible, but it seemed to be centered around the family car. Archie didn't need a soothsayer to tell him what part of the car was being discussed. No doubt it was the fender, the rear fender to be exact.

He had borrowed the car a week ago, and parking on a hill, had gone into Larkin's Drug Store for a soda. He had forgotten to put it into gear, as his father had so often reminded him to do, the hand-brake had slipped and the car had rolled back down the hill to

bring up against a pole with disastrous results. The mere thought of the days following that accident made him slightly ill.

Now here it was, just three days after the fender had been straightened, and he needed the car again. He groaned and wondered if his decision was due to a streak of stubborn courage in him or just a streak of insanity.

Throned comfortably in his Morris chair, Andrew senior broke off a grumbling discourse, directed at his wife and stared morosely at the thickly pomaded head of his son, who had just stepped into the living room.

"Well," he said, "stepping out again tonight, eh?"

"Y-yes, Sir. Jughead and I are taking the Lane sisters to the school Prom."

"Humph! I suppose you want money again?"

"N-no, Sir. B-but . . ." Archie trembled and rubbed the back of one hand across his

sweating brow, "B-but," he swallowed hard, "if I c-could have the car, Sir?"

"What! You want the car? Why, you . . . !" he broke off, sputtering, as his eye caught a warning wig-wag signal from his wife. He was licked before he started and he knew it. He tried to give in gracefully, smiled weakly, and said even more weakly, "Why, you can have it. Just be careful, that's all."

Archie waited to hear no more, but fled before there could be a change of heart. He didn't know what power his mother had over his father, but he was for it. At the front door, his father's voice made him pause.

"When you're through with it, drop it off at Gregor's garage. I had a little . . . er . . . trouble on the way home. I phoned them to expect me."

The door closed on Archie's relieved reply.

\* \* \*

Mr. Andrews squirmed under the silent look of accusa-



tion in his spouse's eyes. The motor of the car outside coughed, broke into life. "Darn it!" he sputtered. "Don't look at me like that. You make me feel like a criminal."

"Humph!" his spouse declared coldly. She walked to the foot of the stairs, turned to look at her suddenly shrunken husband. "Humph!" she said again.

Mr. Andrews still squirmed.

\* \* \*

The dance was a huge success. Archie and Jughead were agreed on that, as they left the Lane home and walked back down the path towards the car. It was standing by the curb where they parked it, the parking lights gleaming dimly. There was something about it though, that didn't seem just right, and Archie, glancing at its rear, saw what it was. The tail-light didn't burn.

"Oh-oh. Tail-light's out," he said. "You'll find a new one and a screw-driver in the glove compartment. Get it, will you, Jughead?"

Jughead, rummaging around the glove compartment a few seconds later, heard the stricken howl. He dashed around to the rear of the car to see a limp Archie, sagging against the spare tire and surveying

with sick eyes . . . a badly crumpled fender.

"Jughead," Archie moaned, "the fender. The same one I smashed up last Saturday . . . it's a wreck. Someone must've backed into it at the parking lot while we were at the dance. What'm I going to do?"

Jughead studied the fender. It was badly, though not hopelessly bent. Maybe . . . ! "Look here," he said. "Let's try to straighten it out. We can do it with a hammer and then go over it with some paint."

\* \* \*

An hour later, exhausted by their labors, the two friends stared dully at the damaged fender. Where it had been dented, it now bulged and where it had bulged, it was now dented.

"It's no use, Jughead," Archie groaned, "it's just no use. We'll never straighten it out now. We just made it worse."

"What're you going to do?" Jughead said. "When your father finds this out . . ."

"I know," Archie said sickly, "but it can't be helped. I'll just have to take my medicine. C'mon! I'll drop the car off at the garage."

\* \* \*

The clock downstairs struck two when Archie knocked on

the bedroom door of his parents. One of the twin beds beside creaked under his father's weight and a sleepy voice said, "Is that you, Archie? Come in." Archie did.

"Well?" said his father testily as Archie walked in. "what is it?"

Archie swallowed noisily. "I-it's about the c-car, S-sir! I . . . I . . ."

Mr. Andrews swelled visibly like an angry turkey-buzzard. "You've wrecked it," he said ominously. "Archie! If you wrecked it . . ."

"No, no," Archie squeaked, "just the fender. Someone must have backed into it, while we were at the dance. We tried for an hour to straighten it out, but . . . but . . ."

"That's — uh — okay, son. Just go to sleep and—uh—forget it!"

Archie gaped, then stuttered, "I . . . I . . . Maybe you didn't hear, Dad. I . . . I . . . said that . . ."

"Archie."

"Yes, mother," he said.

"Don't worry about that fender. It was your father's doing. You see, dear. He parked the car on that hill in front of Larkin's Drug Store this morning, and forgot . . . to put it in gear!"



# CAPTAIN **Commando** AND THE BOY SOLDIERS





AMONG THE FIRST TO FALL TO THE JAP HORDES INVADING BURMA, WAS THE CITY OF SUKIANG!



INVASION ISS COMPLETE, COLONEL- CITY ISS ENTIRELY IN OUR HANDS!

GOOD-COMMANDEER EVERYTHING WHICH CAN BE USED BY US!



AMONG THE MANY PRIZES WAS A SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT FOUND IN THE RAJAH'S STABLES-----



THE JAP COMMANDER ADDRESSES THE RAJAH!

WHITE ELEPHANT NECESSARY TO AID IN CLEANING UP CITY FOR HONORABLE SONS OF HEAVEN-SO SORRY!



NO, I CANNOT PERMIT THAT! TO US, THIS WHITE ELEPHANT IS SACRED! YOU CAN'T USE HIM AS A COMMON MULE OR PACK HORSE!



SILENCE, DOG! TIE THE ELEPHANT WITH TOW ROPES AND PUT HIM TO WORK!







DESCENDANT OF A  
MONKEY-DIE  
FOR THAT  
INSULT!



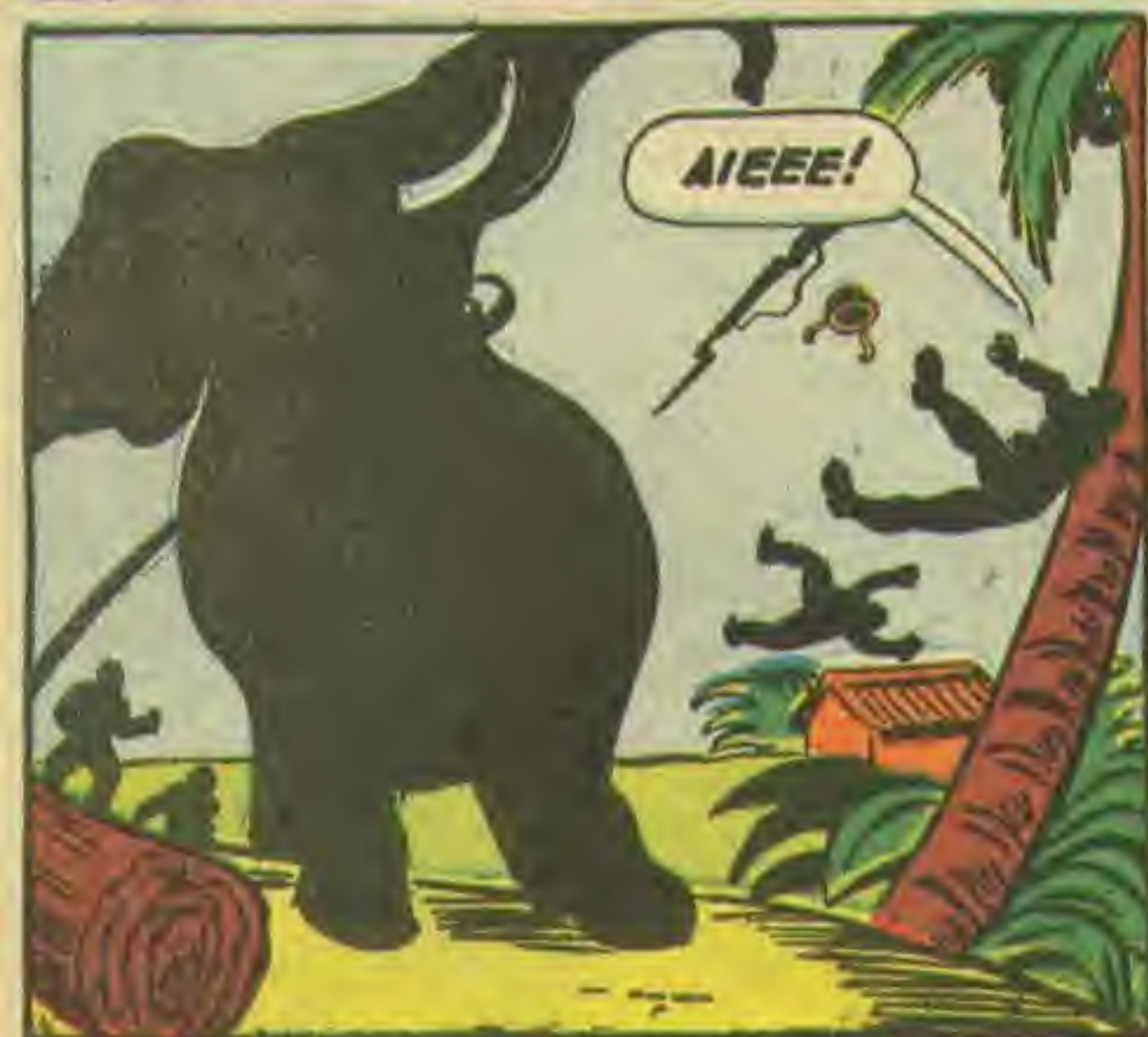
A-A-GH!



DOG! ENOUGH OF THIS!  
COME, LET US HAVE SPORT  
WITH THE ROYAL  
ELEPHANT!



JAB HIM WITH YOUR BAYONETS,  
MEN! MAKE HIM PUSH THOSE  
LOGS!



AIEEE!

BAH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT HULKING,  
WHITE DEMON! HE DIES-AND IN MOST  
UNPLEASANT MANNER!





ENOUGH OF TRIFLING WITH THAT BEAST!  
DRAG HIM IN THE JUNGLE!

YES,  
EXCELLENCY!



ISS GOOD! NOW POUR THAT  
MOLASSES ON SACRED  
CARCASS AND LEAVE  
HIM FOR ANTS!

HA! EXCELLENCY IS  
MOST INGENIOUS!

SENSING ITS FATE, THE WHITE ELEPHANT TEARS  
VAINLY AT ITS BONDS!



THEN COME THE ANTS, ATTRACTED BY THE MOLASSES,  
IN A NEVER-ENDING STREAM! THEY SWARM OVER THE  
HELPLESS BEAST---

GOUGING AND RENDING VORACIOUSLY, AS THE  
ELEPHANT TRUMPETS IN PAIN!





SUDDENLY, THE MONSOONS-----



THE POURING RAIN WASHES THE MOLASSES OFF THE ELEPHANT!



REVIVED BY THE RAIN-THE ANIMAL GATHERS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO BURST ITS BONDS AND ESCAPE TO THE JUNGLE!



THE YEARS PASS AND THE TIDES OF WAR HAVE TURNED! ONCE AGAIN, BURMA BECOMES A BATTLEGROUND, AS THE ALLIED TROOPS SWEEP DOWN ITS LENGTH WITH DEVASTATING FURY! HEREWITH IS ENACTED AN INCIDENT-SMALL, BUT OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN THE RECONQUEST OF BURMA!



AT DIVISION HEADQUARTERS!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO, WE ARE NEARING RANGOON!  
ONLY THE CITY OF SUKIANG STANDS IN  
OUR WAY!



WE WANT THAT CITY SCOUTED, BEFORE  
WE ASSAULT IT IN FORCE! THE AREA  
HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY MAPPED!  
REMEMBER, TAKING SUKIANG WILL  
BRING THIS CAMPAIGN TO A  
QUICK END!

I UNDER-  
STAND,  
SIR!





GET YOUR EQUIPMENT TOGETHER,  
KIDS, WE'RE GOING OUT  
ON PATROL!

JAPHUNTING,  
OBOY!

-NOT LONG AFTERWARD!

KEEP YOUR EYES  
OPEN FOR  
SNIPERS!

HEY, CAP, DO YOU HEAR  
THAT RACKET? I WONDER  
WHAT IT CAN BE?

CAREFUL! IT MAY BE A  
JAP TRICK, TO LURE  
US INTO  
AMBUSH!

CHEE, LOOKIT DAT-  
WILL YA?

BOY! DAT SURE IS ONE GAME ELEPHANT-LET'S  
SEE WHAT I KIN DO ABOUT DIS  
SITUATION!





-AN' HOW D'YA LIKE DIS LEAD TREATMENT?



ALL RIGHT, FLATBUSH! YOU'VE DONE YOUR GOOD DEED-NOW, LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!

AW, WAIT A MINUTE, CAP! LET'S SEE IF BUSTER IS OKAY!



DON'T GO NEAR HIM, FLATBUSH! NO TELLING WHAT AN ANGRY ELEPHANT MAY DO!

SAY! BUSTER'S ALMOST WHITE, CAP!



HEY! THE ANIMAL'S GONE BERSERK-HE'LL KILL THAT KID!

OOPS!



HOP ON, CAP! IT'S EASIER DAN WALKIN'!

WELL, I'LL BE--!!



OKAY, KIDS-YER NEXT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE A HANDY PAL, FLAT-BUSH!



BOY, WITH THIS TAXI SERVICE, WE'LL GET TO SUKIANG IN NO TIME! NOW, LET'S SEE-- ACCORDING TO MY MAP--??















# PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH **EVERYBODY WINS!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POST CARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN **PEP COMICS!** THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF **PEP COMICS FREE!** ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE! SO, SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME - - - ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO **PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.**

## HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS!

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MARVIN MIELKE  
515 E. 5<sup>TH</sup> ST.  
GRAFTON, N. DAK.  
SANDRA HANKS  
266 ROSE AVE.  
ABILENE, TEXAS  
MIKE EDWARDS  
BOX 106  
MERIDIAN, CAL.

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W. 1403 TWELFTH  
SPOKANE, WASH.  
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ROBERTA MCLEAN  
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NEW YORK CITY

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2710 22<sup>ND</sup> ST.  
TAMPA, FLA.



# WILLY

## THE WISE-GUY

by  
"RED"  
HOLMDALE

A cartoon character named Willy, wearing a blue cap, a red shirt, and black shorts, is smiling and pointing towards the viewer. He has a large nose and a wide grin.



NEVER MIND THE WISE-  
CRACKS! COLD BEANS  
WILL NEVER HURT YOU-  
IN FACT, THEY'RE KINDA  
TASTY FOR A CHANGE-  
DONCHA THINK?

SURE ARE-  
GULP!

I THINK WE OUGHTA  
CALL OFF THIS  
CAMPING TRIP-  
SEE HOW THE  
SKY IS CLOUDIN'  
UP, WILLY?

PHOOY-PROB'LY  
WON'T BE MORE'N  
A DRIZZLE-C'MON,  
WE'LL GET INTO  
OUR TENT!

ID JUST AS  
SOON BE  
GOING  
HOME!

A REAL CLOUD-  
BURST! MAYBE  
IT'S BETTER IF  
WE WENT!

DON'T WORRY-SUMMER  
SHOWERS NEVER LAST-  
I KNOW HOW MOTHER  
NATURE WORKS!

MOTHER NATURE MUST  
BE WORKIN' OVERTIME,  
WILLY!

OKAY, DRIP SO IT'S  
RAINING A LITTLE MORE  
THAN EXPECTED-BUT  
I TELL YOU--

IT'LL BLOW OVER IN  
A MINUTE.

THAT'S THE FIRST  
RIGHT THING YOU'VE  
SAID SO FAR!

LEAVE IT TO ME-I'LL  
FIGURE A WAY OUT!





WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, WISE GUY? THE STORM IS GETTING WORSE!

C'MON, WE'LL BE SAFE UNDER THAT TREE!



BUT IT JUST GOT STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, WILLY!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME! I KNOW MY ELECTRICITY!



I'M STILL SKEPTICAL ABOUT THIS!

THIS IS THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR US!



WHY THIS PLACE?

ANYBODY KNOWS THAT LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME -



3.



LATER-

BEING IN TH' HOSPITAL ISN'T SO BAD, HUH? LOOKIT ALL THE COMFORT AND ATTENTION WE'RE GETTING!

NOT TO MENTION ALL THE PRESENTS-GOSH, IT'S LIKE CHRISTMAS! HUH, WILLY? WHAT DID YOU GET IN THAT PACKAGE?



HMMPH-A HUNTING KNIFE!



DON'T BREAK  
YOUR NECK

FOR  
FUN

YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO BE  
A GENERAL  
TO COMMAND  
ATTENTION

BE THE STAR  
WITHOUT  
GLAMOUR

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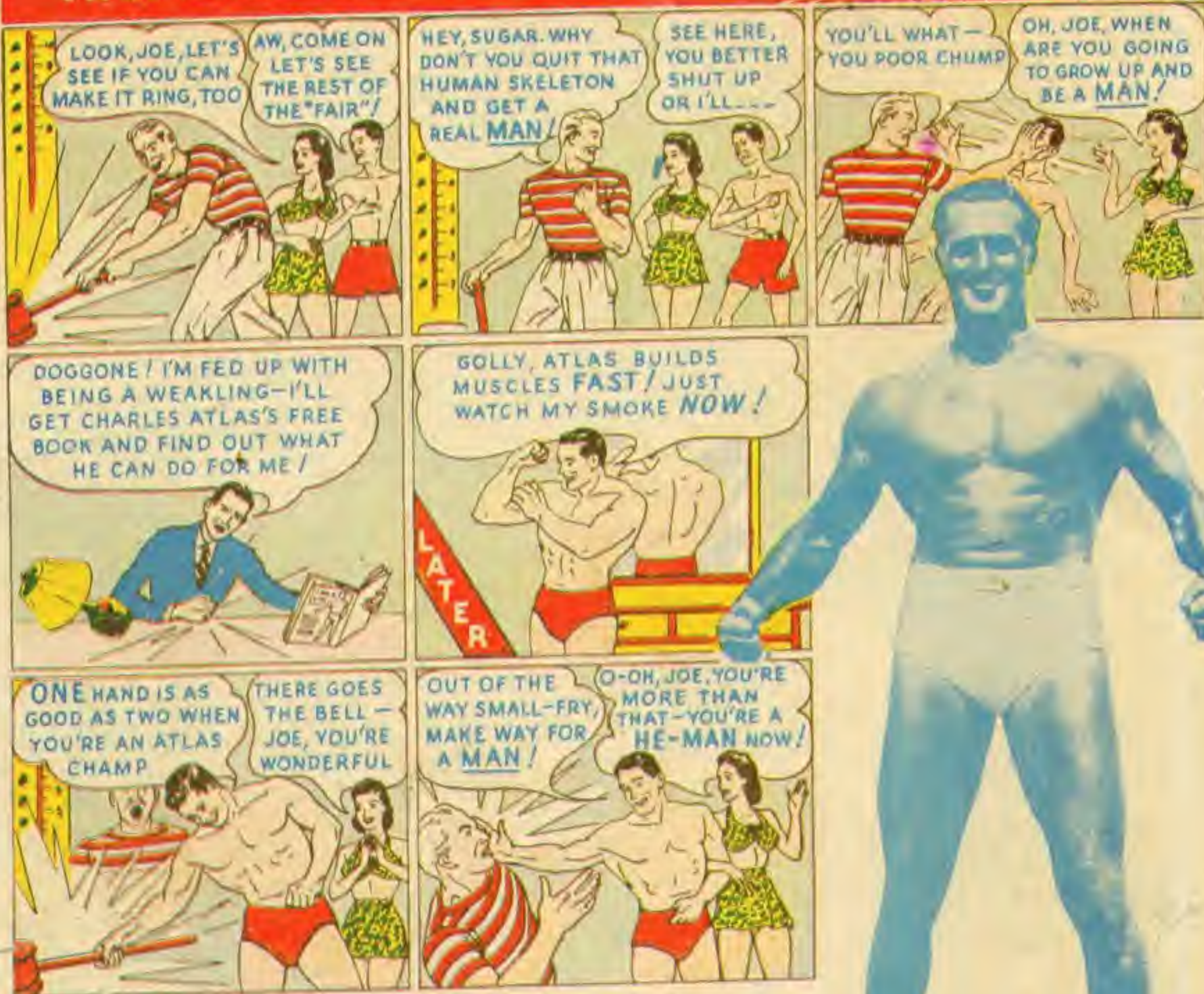
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